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Goodman's National Reading Book

NATIONAL
READING BOOK



W. E. GOODMAN
LONDON AND CHICAGO
1879

MADE IN AUSTRIA

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READING BOOKS

BOOK I.

W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

1873

3727. f. 126^a



PREFACE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL READING-BOOK is the sequel to the NATIONAL PRIMER. The latter consists of exercises on the more common monosyllables. In the FIRST BOOK, more difficult monosyllables and words of two syllables are freely introduced. The object aimed at has not been so much to impart information, as to provide interesting lessons for practice in reading. The more difficult words in each lesson are placed in columns at the top. Special spelling lessons and specimens of Script are given at the end of the book.

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MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
times	times	times	times	times	times	times	times	times	times	times
1 are 2	1 are 3	1 are 4	1 are 5	1 are 6	1 are 7	1 are 8	1 are 9	1 are 10	1 are 11	1 are 12
2... 4	2... 6	2... 8	2... 10	2... 12	2... 14	2... 16	2... 18	2... 20	2... 22	2... 24
3... 6	3... 9	3... 12	3... 15	3... 18	3... 21	3... 24	3... 27	3... 30	3... 33	3... 36
4... 8	4... 12	4... 16	4... 20	4... 24	4... 28	4... 32	4... 36	4... 40	4... 44	4... 48
5... 10	5... 15	5... 20	5... 25	5... 30	5... 35	5... 40	5... 45	5... 50	5... 55	5... 60
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THE

FIRST NATIONAL READING-BOOK.

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.

head	death	stones	true	put
said	pelt	throw	threw	full

Some boys went one day to play by the side of a pond, and they threw stones into it for fun. Now, this pond was full of frogs, and when the boys threw in a stone it hit them. Then one of the frogs put up his head out of the pond, and said : ' Pray, do not pelt us so.'

' We are but at play,' said one of the boys.

' True,' said the frog, ' but the stones you throw hurt us all the same. What is play to you, is death to us.'

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

leapt	be·gan'	a·gain'
farm'er	but'cher	ba'ker

A cat and a mouse

At play in a house :

The cat bit off the tail of the mouse.

— 'Pray, puss, give me my tail,' said the mouse.

'No,' said the cat, 'I will not give you your tail, till you go to the cow, and get me some milk.'

Then she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the cow, and thus began :

'Pray, cow, give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my tail again.'

'No,' said the cow, 'I will give you no milk, till you go to the farmer, and get me some hay.'

Then she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the farmer, and thus began :

'Pray, farmer, give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give *me milk*, that I may give cat milk, *that cat may give me my tail again.*'

‘No,’ said the farmer, ‘I will give you no hay, till you go to the butcher, and get me some meat.’

Then she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the butcher, and thus began:

‘Pray, butcher, give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my tail again.’

‘No,’ said the butcher, ‘I will give you no meat, till you go to the baker, and get me some bread.’

Then she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the baker, and thus began:

‘Pray, baker, give me bread, that I may give butcher bread, that butcher may give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my tail again.’

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‘Yes,’ said the baker, ‘I will give you some
bread;
But if you eat my meal, I will cut off your
head.’

Then the baker gave mouse bread,
and mouse gave butcher bread, and
butcher gave mouse meat, and mouse
gave farmer meat, and farmer gave
mouse hay, and mouse gave cow hay,
and cow gave mouse milk, and mouse
gave cat milk, and cat gave mouse
her tail again !

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

lit'tle	mead'ow	a-sleep'
un'der	hay-cock	sure

Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow,
the cow's in the corn;
Where's the little boy
that looks after the sheep?
He's under the hay-cock fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.



STAY, LITTLE BLACKBIRD.

young	door	cher'ries	pret'ty
throw	bright	crumb	gen'tle

Stay, little blackbird, stay, ah ! stay ;
 Why wilt thou fly from me, I pray ?
 Stay, and sing thy pretty song ;
 I will not keep thee here too long.

I would not rob thy downy nest
 Of the young ones thou lovest best ;
 I would not hurt thy gentle wing ;
 Stay, little blackbird, stay, and sing.

In bright summer, I'll give thee
 Red ripe cherries from the tree ;
 When the ground is white with snow,
 At the door some crumbs I'll throw.

Stay, little blackbird, stay, ah ! stay ;
 Fly not yet from me, I pray !
 Stay, and sing thy pretty song ;
 I will not keep thee here too long.



THE BOY AND THE BEAR.

bear	great	grew	harm
tear	their	knew	part
wear	there	thought	whose
pear	where	brought	walked

One day a boy, whose name was Tom, was at play in a wood, when he saw at the foot of a tree something like a ball of black fur. The boy went up to it, and found that it was a little bear. So he took it home in his arms.

Tom kept the bear, and it grew big and strong. He was kind to the bear, and the bear went about with him like a dog. One morning Tom took the bear to school. The boys were all afraid of the bear, for they thought he might tear them to pieces. But when they saw how tame he was, their fears

began to wear away, and they went near the bear, and gave him a pear, or a bit of the food they had brought in their bags. Sometimes the bear went into the school-room to get food from the boys.

The bear staid with Tom for a long time, but one day Tom went to the shed where the bear lived, to take him to school with him, and the bear was not there. He had gone away to the woods where he was born.

Some years after this, a strange thing took place. The door of the school-room was left open one day, and a great bear walked in, and went up to the wall where the boys had hung their bags. He stood up on his hind legs, and put his fore-paws into the bags, and pulled out part of the food that the boys had brought with them, and ate it. He then walked off without harming any one.

It was Tom's bear, who had not forgot old times, and had come back to seek food in the place he knew so well.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

dreamt	heart	shep'herd·ess
heav'y	heard	de·ter'mined

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
 And can't tell where to find them ;
 Let them alone and they'll come home,
 And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
 And dreamt she heard them bleating ;
 But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
 For still they all were fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,
 Determined now to find them ;
 She found them indeed,
 but it made her heart bleed,
 For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day, that Bo-Peep did stray
 Unto a meadow hard by ;
 And there she espied their tails side by side,
 All hung on a tree to dry.

Then with heavy sigh, and with tearful eye,
 Away ran little Bo-Peep,
 And tried what she could,
 as a shepherdess should,
 To tack its own tail to each sheep.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER.

let'ter	aunt	catch	a·gain'
lit'tle	throat	write	friend

I will shew you a little girl's letter to her friend at school. The name of the little girl is Ruth. She wrote the letter from a house near the sea-side, where she staid for a short time with her aunt.

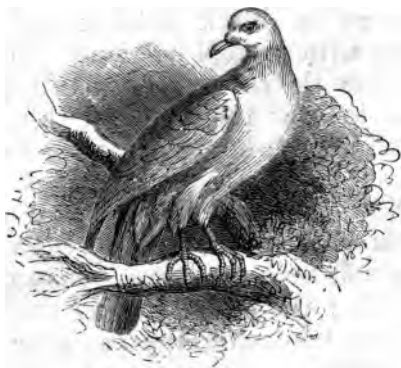
Here is the letter: 'I hope you are quite well. We are all quite well. There is a large, white cat here; its eyes are red, or, I should say, pink. It wears a black band round its throat, with a small bell tied to it.

'When the cat walks, the bell rings. I like to hear the sound of this bell. We all know where the cat is; for as soon as she moves, the bell rings.

'Now, you will like to hear why the cat wears the bell. She goes into the woods near the house, where there are birds; the birds can hear the bell, and can take care the cat does not catch them.

‘There is a tame dove here, too, which comes out of its cage, and flies through the rooms. No doubt, you think the cat would catch the dove. No; they are good friends; such good friends, that the dove will sit on the cat’s head, and the cat does not hurt it.

‘When I go home, I shall try to tame our bird and cat, that they may be as good friends as the white cat and the dove here are. And now good-bye till I write to you again.’





A VISIT TO THE LAMBS.

sun'ny pur'pose na'tured a-fraid'

Mother, let's go and see the lambs ;
This warm and sunny day,
I think, must make them very glad,
And full of fun and play.

Ah, there they are! You pretty things,
Now, don't you run away ;
I'm come on purpose, little lambs,
To see you this fine day.

What pretty little heads you've got,
And such good-natured eyes !
And ruff of wool all round your necks,
How nicely curled it lies !

Come here, my little lambkin, come !
And lick my hand, now do !
How silly to be so afraid !
Indeed, I won't hurt you.

WHAT A CHILD HAS.

flow'er	gen'tle	com·mand'
moth'er	fin'gers	tum'ble

I have two eyes, so bright and clear,
 And they see things afar and near !
 The bird, the tree, the flower so small,
 And the blue sky, bent over all.

Two ears have I upon my head,
 For me to hear what may be said ;
 To hear my mother's words so mild :
 ' Be good and gentle, O my child !'

I have one mouth, as all may see,
 But well its use is known to me ;
 For I can talk with it all day,
 And all that I may think can say.

I have two hands, so soft and white—
 This is the left, and this the right ;
 Five little fingers stand on each,
 With which to hold, to feel, and reach ;
 But when I grow as tall as you,
 A deal of work they then will do.

I have two feet at my command,
 With which to walk, or run, or stand ;
 And should I tumble down, why, then
 I must with speed jump up again !
 But when I grow both bold and strong,
I shall quite boldly march along.



THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

hun'gry	spied	mouth	hour
thirst'y	could	bunch	jumped
be-yond'	would	worth	smacked

A fox one day went away from his den, to try if he could find some food for himself and his cubs. He had been out a long time, and had not found anything to eat, so he began to feel hungry. He was thirsty too, for the day was very hot. As he ran along, he spied a bunch of nice ripe grapes hanging from a vine-tree. 'Ah,' said he, 'a bunch of nice ripe grapes is the very thing to cool one's

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mouth on a hot day like this.' So he looked up at the grapes, and smacked his lips.

Then he made a jump at the bunch of grapes, but he did not get them, for they hung very high up. So he looked up again at the tree, and smacked his lips once more. Then he jumped and jumped for nearly an hour, but could not reach them. At last, when he found that it was beyond his power to reach the grapes, he turned up his nose at them, and said : 'The grapes are sour ; they would not be worth eating if I had them.'

A hungry fox, one day, did spy
Some nice ripe grapes, that hung full high ;
And as they hung, they seemed to say
To him who underneath did stay :
'If you can reach us down, you may.'

The fox he jumped and jumped again,
And tried to reach them, but in vain ;
He smacked his lips for near an hour,
But found the prize beyond his power,
And then he said : 'The grapes are sour.'

THE COCK AND HIS WIFE.

bar'ley	cluck'ing	some'thing
bar'ley-field	sit'ting	be-neath'

'Will you take a walk with me,
 My little wife, to-day?
 There is barley in the barley-field,
 And hay-seed in the hay.'

'Thank you,' said the clucking hen;
 'I have something else to do:
 I am busy sitting on my eggs;
 I cannot walk with you.'

'Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck,'
 Said the clucking hen;
 'My little chicks will soon be hatched,
 I will think about it then.'

The clucking hen sat on her nest,
 She made it in the hay;
 And warm and snug beneath her breast
 A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack, went all the eggs;
 Out dropped the chickens small.

'Cluck,' said the clucking hen,
 'Now I have you all'

'Come along, my little chicks,
 I will take a walk with you.'

'Hollo!' then said the proud old cock,
 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'



PIG, PIG, OLD PIG!

‘Pig, pig, old pig, what are you doing?’

‘I am sitting before the door of my house, taking care of my children.’

‘Why, pig, pig, old pig, do you call that black hole your house?’

‘Yes, it is my house, and a very good house too it is for me.’

‘But, pig, it has no windows.’

‘Well, I do not want any windows. *It has a door for me to go in and out,*

and some good warm straw to keep me warm in there.'

'But, old grunter, do you call those little things your children? It seems to me they are nothing but pigs.'

'Well, if they are pigs, they are my children, and dear, sweet things they are too.'

'How many children have you, Mrs Pig?'

'I do not know. I cannot count.'

'Well, we will count them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. What are their names, Mrs Pig?'

'They have no names. I cannot talk to them; so it would do them no good to have names.'

'What do you do when you want them to come to you?'—'I grunt.'

'And what do you do when you want them to go away?'

'Then I grunt too.'

'What! always grunt? It seems to me you are a droll pig, to do nothing but grunt at your children. But good-bye, Mrs Pig.'

'Uh, uh!' says the pig.

THE DEATH OF COCK ROBIN.

ar'row	lin'net	clerk	bush
spar'row	min'ute	wren	blood
bee'tle	bur'i-al	mourn	psalm
nee'dle	die	caught	thrush



Who killed Cock Robin ?
 I, said the Sparrow,
 With my bow and arrow,
 I killed Cock Robin.



Who saw him die ?
 I, said the Fly,
 With my little eye,
 I saw him die.



Who caught his blood ?
 I, said the Fish,
 With my little dish,
 I caught his blood.



Who 'll make his shroud ?
 I, said the Beetle,
 With my thread and needle,
 I 'll make his shroud.



Who 'll dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and shawl,
I 'll dig his grave.



Who 'll be the Parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
I 'll be the Parson.



Who 'll be the clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If it 's not in the dark,
I 'll be the clerk.



Who 'll carry him to the
grave?
I, said the Kite,
If it 's not in the night,
I 'll carry him to the grave.



Who 'll carry the link?
I, said the Linnet,
I 'll fetch it in a minute,
I 'll carry the link.

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Who 'll be chief mourner ?
I, said the Dove,
For I mourn for my love,
I 'll be chief mourner.



Who 'll bear the pall ?
We, said the Wren,
Both the Cock and the Hen,
We 'll bear the pall.



Who 'll sing a psalm ?
I, said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush,
I 'll sing a psalm.



Who 'll toll the bell ?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull,
So COCK ROBIN, FAREWELL !



All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and a-sobbing
When they heard the bell
For poor Cock Robin

Well, these good men, who live in a house in the midst of the high hills, keep some large dogs, and they teach them to go out to seek for those who may be lost in the snow.

When they have found a man, they bark till they bring some of the good men to them. Then these men, with the aid of the dogs, take the poor man out of the snow, and help him to their house, where they give him food to eat, and a fire to warm him.

THE DOGS AND THE SNOW (2).

night	blew	fast	quite
might	drew	just	dark
shrill	walk	heard	close

One sad cold night, when the snow fell fast, and the wind blew loud and shrill, and it was quite dark, these good men sent out a dog to seek for those who might want help. In an hour or two the dog was heard to bark at the gate; and when the men

went out, they saw the dog there with a boy on his back.

The poor child was stiff with cold, and could but just hold on to the dog's back. The men took the boy in, and, when he was warm and had had some food, he told them that he had lain a long time in the snow, and was too weak to walk, and the snow fell fast on him, when he felt something pull him by the coat, and heard the bark of a dog close by him. The boy put out his hand, and felt the hair of the dog; and then the dog gave him one more pull. This gave the poor boy some hope, and he took hold of the dog, and drew himself out of the snow; but he felt that he could not stand. He then got up on the dog's back, and put his arms round his neck, and thus he held on. He felt sure the dog did not mean to hurt him; and he rode on the dog's back all the way to the house of the good men, who took care of the boy till the snow was gone, when they sent him to his own home.

THE LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.

win'dow walk doors naught'y
pit'ter lit'tle be-cause' noth'ing

O where do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Down the window pane?

They won't let me walk,
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all to-day.

They put away my play-things,
Because I broke them all;
And then they locked up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little rain-drops,
Is that the way you play;
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window;
I should like to play with you.

The little rain-drops cannot speak,
But pitter, patter, pat,
Means: 'We can play on this side,
Why can't you play on that?'



HOW A PRINCE LEARNED TO READ AND WRITE.

hun'dred	Eng'land	moth'er
wom'en	pic'tures	min'strels

Ten hundred years ago there was a king of England who had a son, whose name was Alfred. When the young prince was twelve years of age, he had not learned to read.

In those days there were few men or women that could read or write.

Now Alfred's mother was able to read. One day she was sitting with

a book in her hand, and Alfred and his brothers were standing around her. The book had a great many pretty pictures in it, and the boys were very fond of looking at them.

Their mother wished that the boys should learn to read, so she said that she would give the book with the pretty pictures to the one who should learn to read first. Alfred took great pains to learn, and he was soon able to read the whole of the book to his mother. His mother then gave Alfred the book to himself, and you may be sure that he was very proud of his prize.

After this Alfred learned to write. He also got by heart the songs which old men called minstrels sang and played on the harp. He sang these songs to his mother, who loved to hear him sing and play.

When Alfred grew up to be a man, he became king of England. He was so wise and did so much good to the land, that he has ever since been called Alfred the Great.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS (1).

e-nough' furze for'tune
bun'dle knocked an'swered

Once upon a time there was an old sow with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortune. The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him : ' Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house ; ' which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it.

Soon after a wolf came along, and knocked at the door, and said : ' Little pig, little pig, let me come in. '

To which the pig answered : ' No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin. '

The wolf then answered to that : ' Then I 'll huff, and I 'll puff, and I 'll blow your house in. '

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew his house in, and ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man

with a bundle of furze, and said :
 'Please, man, give me that furze to
 build a house ;' which the man did,
 and the pig built his house.

Then along came the wolf, and said :
 'Little pig, little pig, let me come in.'

'No, no, by the hair of my chiny
 chin chin.'

'Then I'll puff, and I'll huff, and
 I'll blow your house in.'

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he
 puffed, and he huffed, and at last he
 blew the house down, and he ate up
 the little pig.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS (2).

tur'nips read'y sup·pose' de·ceive'
 din'ner re·plied' to·geth'er bus'tled

The third little pig met a man with
 a load of bricks, and said : 'Please,
 man, give me those bricks to build a
 house with ;' so the man gave him
 the bricks, and he built his house.

And the wolf came, and said : 'Little
pig, little pig, let me come in.'

‘No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin.’

‘Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in.’

Well, he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed; but he could *not* get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he said: ‘Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips.’

‘Where?’ said the little pig.

‘Oh, in Mr Smith’s home-field, and if you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together, and get some for dinner.’

‘Very well,’ said the little pig, ‘I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?’

‘Oh, at six o’clock.’

Well, the little pig got up at five, and got the turnips before the wolf came.

The wolf came at six, and said: ‘Little pig, are you ready?’

The little pig said: ‘Ready! I

have been, and come back again, and got a nice pot-full for dinner.'

The wolf felt very angry at this, but he said: 'Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple-tree.'

'Where?' said the pig.

'Down at Merry-garden,' replied the wolf, 'and if you will not deceive me I will come for you, at five o'clock to-morrow, and we will go together and get some apples.'

Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o'clock, and went off for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had farther to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was coming down from it, he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up, he said: 'Little pig, what! are you here before me? Are they nice apples?'

'Yes, very,' said the little pig. 'I will throw you down one;' and he threw it so far, that, while the wolf was gone to pick it up, the little pig *jumped* down and ran home.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS (3).

af·ter·noon'	churn	chim'ney
u'su·al	de·clared'	blaz'ing
in'stant	sup'per	af'ter·wards

The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig: 'Little pig, there is a fair this afternoon; will you go?'

'O yes,' said the pig, 'I will go; what time shall you be ready?'

'At three,' said the wolf.

So the little pig went off before the time as usual, and got to the fair, and bought a butter-churn, which he was going home with, when he saw the wolf coming. Then he could not tell what to do.

So he got into the churn to hide, and by so doing turned it round, and it rolled down the hill with the pig in it, which frightened the wolf so much, that he ran home without *going to the fair.*

He went to the little pig's house, and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him.

Then the little pig said: 'Hah, I frightened you, then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter-churn, and when I saw you, I got into it, and rolled down the hill.'

Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he *would* eat up the little pig, and that he would get down the chimney after him.

When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung on the pot full of water, and made up a blazing fire, and, just as the wolf was coming down, took off the cover, and in fell the wolf.

So the little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled him up, and ate him for supper, and lived happy ever afterwards.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

malt	waked	sow'ing
priest	crowed	mar'ried
killed	maid'en	wor'ried
kissed	shav'en	crum'pled
tossed	for-lorn'	tat'tered



This is the house that Jack built.



This is the malt,
That lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

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This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the cow with the
crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the maiden all
forlorn,
That milked the cow
with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the man all
tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden
all forlorn,
That milked the cow
with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the priest all
shaven and shorn,
That married the man
all tattered and
torn,
That kissed the maiden
all forlorn,
That milked the cow
with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and
shorn,

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That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden
all forlorn,



That milked the cow
with the crumpled
horn,

That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,

That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the farmer sow-
ing his corn,

That kept the cock that
crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all
shaven and shorn,

That married the man all
tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden
all forlorn,

That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn,

That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,

That lay in the house that Jack built.

THE LITTLE DOG ROVER.

Har'ry	lil'ies	mam·ma'
Ro'ver	but'ter·cups	pret'ty
curl'y	larg'er	sor'ry
bush'y	yel'low	crouched

Harry had a little dog. His name was Rover. He was red and white. His hair was soft and curly, and his tail was long and bushy. And when Harry went out walking, Rover went with him, and Rover would frisk about, and wag his tail, and jump up upon Harry's knee as they went along; and then Harry would stop and pat him on the back, and say: 'Good Rover, I like you very much.'

Then Rover would wag his tail again, and look up at Harry, as much as to say: 'And I too; I like you very much, Master Harry, for you are very kind to me, and do not beat me or scold me; and I wish I could speak and tell you so; but though I cannot speak, I can wag

my tail ; and you know when I wag my tail I mean I am very happy and pleased.'

Now one day, when Harry and his dog were walking together, they came to a pond, and the pond was covered with large white flowers, and these flowers were lilies ; and the lilies were like large buttercups, only they were much larger, and not yellow, but quite white.

Harry thought his mamma would like to have one of these large white lilies, as they were so pretty, but they grew so far out from the side that he could not reach them. So he picked up a stick by the side of the pond, and tried to reach one of them and pull it to him with the stick. But the stick was too short, and poor Harry was very sorry he could not get one of the pretty flowers for his dear mamma.

Rover was very sorry too, and he lay down and began to whine, and *then* he jumped up and began to run *round and round*, and to bark, and

then he wagged his tail. But Harry was so much vexed that he took up the stick, and was going to beat Rover for wagging his tail when he was so unhappy.

So poor Rover crouched down and looked at the lily, as much as to say : 'It is not my fault, Master Harry, that the lily is so far out from shore ; you should beat the lily, and not me.'

Harry, instead of beating the dog, threw the stick into the water, in hopes of breaking off a lily ; and Rover no sooner saw Harry throw the stick into the water, than he jumped in after it, and swam straight to the lilies, and bit off one by the stalk, and brought it back to Harry, and laid it at his feet.

So then Harry could take the lily to his mamma.



MY PONY.

Hop, hop, hop !
 Go and never stop ;
 Where 'tis smooth, and where 'tis stony,
 Trudge along, my little pony,
 Go and never stop ;
 Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop !

Hey, hey, hey !
 Go along, I say ;
 Don't you kick and don't you stumble ;
 Don't you tire and don't you grumble ;
 Go along, I say ;
 Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey !

Jump, jump, jump !
 Don't you hit that stump !
 For I will not cease to ride you
 Till I further yet have tried you :
 Don't you hit that stump ;
 Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump !

Tramp, tramp, tramp !
 Make your feet now stamp,
 On the highway no one faster ;
 But take care ! don't throw your master !
 Make your feet now stamp !
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp !

LITTLE DICK AND THE GIANT.

whist'ling	de·light'	pris'on
ram'ble	pur'pose	wretch'ed
dis'tance	strug'gled	fright'ened
gi'ant	laughed	com·pan'ions

Little Dick, what a gay fellow he was! He used to go singing and whistling about the whole day long. He was always merry, and scarcely anything could make him sad. One day, little Dick thought he would have a ramble in the forest, at some distance from his home. So off he set in high spirits, singing and whistling, till he made the woods ring again.

At last he reached a clear brook that ran through the wood; and being thirsty, he stooped down to drink. But just at that moment he was suddenly seized from behind, and found himself in the hands of a great, tall giant, a hundred times as big as himself. The giant looked at him with great delight, and then put *him into a bag*, and carried him off.

Poor Dicky tried all he could to get out of the bag, but to no purpose. He screamed, he struggled, he tried to tear the bag, but the giant only laughed at him for his pains, and went on, holding him fast.

At last the giant came to his house, a gloomy looking place, with a high wall all round it, and no trees or flowers. When he got in, he shut the door, and took Dicky out of the bag. Poor Dick now thought his time was come ; for when he looked round he saw a large fire, and before it two others larger than himself roasting for the giant's dinner. The giant, however, did not kill Dick, but only put him into a prison which he had prepared for him. It was quite dark, with cross-bars all round it ; and the only food in it was a piece of dry bread and a cup of water. Dick beat his head against the iron bars, and dashed backwards and forwards, and felt very wretched.

The next day the giant came and *looked at Dick* ; and finding that he

had eaten none of the bread, he took him by the head, and crammed some of it down his throat. Poor Dick was too much frightened to think of eating or drinking.

He was left all alone in the dark another day, and a sad day it was. The poor creature thought of his own home, his companions, the sun-light, the trees, the flowers, and the many nice things he used to eat ; and then he screamed and tried to get between the iron bars, and beat and tore himself.

The giant came again, and wanted Dick to sing as he used to do, and be happy and merry. 'Sing, sing, sing!' said he ; but Dick was much too sad to sing. A prison is no place to sing songs in. At last the giant grew angry, and took Dick out to force him to sing. Dick gave a loud scream, plunged, and struggled, and then sank dead in the giant's hand !

This is a true story.—Poor Dicky was a little bird, and that giant was a cruel boy.

THE CHILD'S MAY-DAY SONG.

beau'ti-ful	but'ter-flies	mer'ri-ly
pleas'ant	tongue	re-joyce'

The flowers are blooming everywhere,
 On every hill and dell;
 And oh, how beautiful they are!
 How sweetly, too, they smell!

The little birds they dance along,
 And look so glad and gay,
 I love to hear their pleasant song,
 I feel as glad as they.

The young lambs bleat and frisk about,
 The bees hum round their hive,
 The butterflies are coming out,
 'Tis good to be alive.

The trees that looked so stiff and gray,
 With green leaves now are hung:
 Oh, mother, let me laugh and play,
 I cannot hold my tongue.

See, yonder bird spreads out its wings,
 And mounts the clear blue skies;
 And hark! how merrily he sings,
 As far away he flies.

Go forth, my child, and laugh and play—
 And let thy cheerful voice,
 With birds, and brooks, and merry May,
Cry out, 'Rejoice! rejoice!'



THE BOY ON THE TOP OF THE SHIP'S MAST.

fa'ther's	pic'ture	ev'er·y
sail'ors	noth'ing	hes'i·tat·ed
monk'ey	ex·pect'ed	a·sleep'

There was once a little boy, called Robert, who went to sea in his father's ship. Robert was a very active boy. He could climb the mast like a monkey, and did a great many things which few of the sailors would dare to do.

One day the sea was calm, and Robert's father was asleep in the cabin. So Robert thought he would climb up to the top of the tallest mast. After he had climbed a long way up, he rested for a while, and then began to climb still higher. At length he got to the very top of the highest pole of the mast. On the top of the mast there is a small round piece of wood about the size of the crown of a boy's hat. The rash boy put one foot on the top of this piece of wood, and then raised himself up, and stood, as you see him in the picture, on the very top of the highest mast of the ship. You see that he cannot get down by the mast, for there is nothing for him to lay hold of. If he should fall, he must be killed.

When the men on the deck saw Robert standing on the top of the mast, there was a great stir. They did not know what to do. The *slender* pole on which he stood *bent* with his weight, and they

expected every moment to see him fall.

When his father came on deck, and saw his son's danger, he was very sad, and did not know how he could save him. All of a sudden he called for a gun, which was handed to him. Then he cried out to Robert in a loud voice: 'Jump into the sea, or I'll fire at you!' His father knew that if he fell on the deck he would be killed, but if he jumped into the sea, there was a chance of his being saved. So he called out again: 'Jump, Robert! Jump into the sea! It is your only chance for life!' Robert hesitated, and almost fell from the mast, but he stood up straight once more, and sprang into the air.

He hit the water with his feet first, and sank down very deep. At last his head rose above the water—he was alive! Some of the sailors jumped into the sea, and brought him on to the deck. His father was very glad to see his son alive, and the crew gave three loud cheers.

THE SAILOR.

sail'or	un·der·stand'	sis'ters
o'cean	won'drous	dais'y
coun'tries	for·get'	dais'ies
peo'ple	lit'tle	pa'rent

The sailor bids his friends good-bye,
 And goes on board his ship;
 He sails away, by night and day,
 Upon his ocean trip.

In far-off countries, hot or cold,
 The sailor-boy may land,
 And hear the people speaking words
 He does not understand.

And many wondrous sights he sees,
 Wherever he may roam;
 But he will not forget to think
 Upon his own dear home.

For there his little sisters play
 Among the daisies white;
 And there his parents work by day,
 And pray for him at night.

THE THREE TROUTS (1).

wea'ry	de·sire'	rea'son
mead'ow	min'ute	crea'tures
shal'low	lis'ten	an'swer
weath'er	cheer'ful	to·geth'er

A pretty little stream ran through a meadow, where daisies and buttercups and fresh green grass grew in the bright summer weather. This clear, cool brook was the home of Tommy Trout, Jacky Trout, and Dicky Trout. Happy little fishes they were, for a good fairy watched over them, and they had everything that a trout could desire.

Merrily they darted about among the reeds, and chased each other round and round the stones. In the warm sunny days, you might have seen them leaping far out of the water to catch the lazy flies that went buzzing along the surface. Sometimes they would lie quite still for a minute, and listen to the lowing of the cows and the bleating of the sheep as they grazed

over the pleasant meadow. Then off again, darting to and fro, and sporting about through the clear rippling stream.

But as time went on, and these trouts grew older and bigger, two of them, Tommy and Jacky, became sad and unhappy. All their merry play was gone, and now, for hours together, they would lie motionless under the bank.

The good fairy was very sorry to see this change in her little friends, and one day called them before her.

‘Why are you so sad?’ she asked. ‘Have I not given you all that a trout can wish for? Tell me what I can do to bring back your cheerful looks, and make you again happy and contented? You, Tommy, will speak first, as you are the eldest. Tell me, then, what I can do to please you.’

Now, Tommy had grown up to be a very proud little trout, and had become unhappy for no other reason than that other trouts were as good as himself. He wished to be above them

all. So he answered: 'Give me wings, good fairy. Make me like yon lark that soars away into the clear blue sky.'

No sooner had he spoken than his tiny fins grew into strong broad wings, and at once he rose out of the water, and flew up into the air. Away he went, over the trees and the hills, and up among the thin white clouds, very happy and merry.

'Now,' he said, in his pride, 'I am far above those poor creatures who are swimming about in their little shallow brook. That may be good enough for *them*, but this is the life for *me*.'

And Tommy Trout flew on and on, until he had gone many miles from his old home.

At last he felt hungry and weary, and wished to go back for a while to the pleasant stream where he had left Jacky and Dicky.

'I shall tell them,' he said, 'of the wonderful things I have seen, and *then* they must confess that I am a greater trout than they.'

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So down he flew towards the earth. But, alas ! the poor trouty had lost his way ; and he fell, not into the cool brook, but among hard rocks and dry, hot sand, where there was not a drop of water to quench his thirst. Up again he mounted into the air, but a second time he fell among the same hard rocks and dry, hot sand. Up and down, and up and down he flew, wishing and trying in vain to reach the stream where he had once been so happy. He was at last so wearied out that he had not strength to rise into the air at all. And there poor Tommy Trout lay gasping, and dashing himself against the stones until he died.



THE THREE TROUTS (2).

bas'ket	swal'lowed	hum'ble
es-caped'	strug'gle	plen'ti·ful
be-lieve'	crys'tal	hap'pi·er

Jacky Trout was not so proud as Tommy ; but he was so very selfish that he did not care what became of the others, if only he himself was safe and snug. So, when the fairy asked what *he* would like, he answered : ' I have heard of poor trouts being caught by men, and carried off in baskets. Teach me, kind fairy, all their tricks to catch us, that I may know how to keep myself from harm.'

Then the fairy taught him about the *net* which was sometimes dragged through the water, and which so shut in the fishes that few ever escaped. ' Its meshes are so narrow,' she said, ' that none but the very youngest trouts can force their way out. Then there is the dreadful *hook*, with its sharp, twisted points. Men cover it with *bait*, to make little fishes

believe it is only a fly or a worm. And many of them find, when it is too late, that instead of swallowing a fly, they have only swallowed the frightful hook. There is no hope for them then, for the more they pull and struggle to get away, the deeper the cruel sharp points pierce into their little mouths.'

'Thank you, good fairy,' said Jacky. And off he went, thinking himself happier than all other trouts. 'I shall take good care they don't cheat *me* with those nasty nets and hooks.'

But Jacky's happiness did not last long.

In the sultry days of summer, when Dicky was tempted to jump out after a big fat fly, Jacky would say: 'Foolish Dick! Why, it may not be a fly at all, but only a frightful hook. *I* know better than run the risk of being caught.'

When a cloud passed over the brook, and cast its shadow on the crystal water, Jacky was sure it was *one* of those dreadful nets, and crept

close in to the bank till it passed away. And when the cows came down to drink the fresh cool water, he would hide among the reeds, and lie trembling for very fear, for he thought the noise he heard was the voices of the fishermen laying plans to catch him.

And thus selfish Jacky lived in a constant state of alarm. He was never at peace, and therefore never happy. Through the whole day he crept about from place to place, always thinking that some harm was about to happen to him. He was afraid to eat his dinner, and never slept soundly at night. So he grew thinner and thinner every day, and the thinner he grew, the more frightened he became. Worn out at last with care, and fear, and hunger, Jacky Trout died.

‘And what would *you* like?’ said the fairy to Dicky.

Now, Dicky was a good and humble little trout, and was as happy then as he had been when the fairy first placed him in the brook. So he said: ‘I

am very happy as I am. I thank you, good fairy, for giving me this quiet pretty stream, where everything is so sweet and pleasant. I am always sure of a worm for dinner, and when flies are plentiful, I can catch one of them for supper. I wish for nothing more, so do with me as you think right, and let me live and die in the way that you know to be best for me.'

This answer pleased the fairy very much, and she took great care of contented little Dicky. For a time he mourned the loss of Tommy and Jacky, and often thought of the happy days when they used to chase each other round the stones, and play hide-and-seek among the reeds, or try who should jump farthest out after the flies. But by-and-by the good fairy sent other little trouts to live in the same stream with Dicky, and he soon made friends with them. Then the old games were played again, and Dicky lived and died the happiest *little trout* that ever was seen.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

sun'y	e'ven	star'ry	si'lent
nois'y	pleas'ant	wel'come	hum'ble
shad'y	chil'dren	gen'tle	grate'ful
ev'er-y	mer'ry	num'bered	

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
 By the dusty road-side,
 On the sunny hill-side,
 Close by the noisy brook,
 In every shady nook,
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
 Even in the noisy street
 My pleasant face you'll meet;
 And where the children play
 In the bright and merry May—
 Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
 You cannot see me coming,
 Nor hear my low sweet humming;
 For in the starry night,
 And the glad morning light,
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

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Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the skipping lamb not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you are numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come,
And deck your silent home,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
With grateful voice I raise
To Him at whose command
I come to deck the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.





PUSS IN BOOTS (1).

young'est
cup'board
war'ren
pars'ley

pal'ace
mar'quis
Car'a-bas
pre-sent'

re-spects'
ac-cept'
ob-liged'
re-ceived'

There was once a miller, who had three sons. When the miller died, each of his sons got a share of all that he had left. The mill was left to the eldest son, the ass to the second, and the cat to the youngest.

The poor young fellow who had nothing but the cat, thought that he was hardly used.

‘My brothers,’ he said, ‘by joining what they have got, may do very well in the world; but as for me, when I have eaten my cat, and made a fur cap of his skin, I may soon die of hunger.’

Now the cat was sitting just inside the door of a cupboard, and heard what his young master had said. So he came out, and thus spoke to his master: ‘Do not vex yourself, my good master; you have only to give me a bag, and get a pair of boots made for me, so that I may make my way through the dirt and the brambles, and you will see that you are not so badly off as you think.’

The young man did not put much faith in the cat’s speech. But he had seen the cunning tricks the cat made use of to catch the rats and mice, such as hanging by the hind-legs, and hiding in the meal, to make *them* think that he was dead; so he

thought that Puss might be of some use to him after all.

When the cat had got what he asked for, he first of all drew on his boots; then he put the bag on his neck, and took hold of the string with his fore-paws. He then bade his master good-morning, and set off to a warren where there were a great many rabbits.

He put some bran and some parsley into his bag, and then stretched himself out at full length, as if he were dead, and waited till some young rabbit would get into the bag to feast upon the good things he had put into it. The cunning cat had not to wait long, for a plump young rabbit soon crept into the bag, and Puss at once drew the strings, and killed him.

Puss, who was very proud of his sport, now went straight off to the king's palace, and asked to speak to the king. When he was shewn into the king's room, he made a low bow, and said: 'Sire, I have brought you

this rabbit from the warren of my lord, the Marquis of Carabas, who gave me his commands to present it to you with his respects.'

This was the name by which the cat thought proper to call his master.

The king was very much pleased with the present, and said: 'Tell my lord, the Marquis of Carabas, that I accept of his present with pleasure, and that I am very much obliged to him.'

Soon after, the cat laid himself down in a field of corn; and two fine birds got into his bag, which he killed, and took to the king.

The king received them as he had done the rabbit, and told his servants to give the cat something to eat and drink.

And so the cat went on, taking presents of game to the king from my lord, the Marquis of Carabas, once at least in every week.

PUSS IN BOOTS (2).

daugh'ter	hand'some	for'tune
prin'cess	suc·cess'	splen'did
ad·vice'	be·longed'	plen'ti·ful
win'dow	har'vest	as·ton'ished

One morning the cat heard that the king was going to take a ride by the side of the river with his daughter, who was the most charming princess in the world. So he said to his master: 'If you will but follow my advice, your fortune is made. Take off your clothes, and bathe in the river just in the place I shall shew you, and leave the rest to me.' The young man did as he was bid, but could not guess what the cat meant.

While he was bathing, the king passed by in his coach; and as he was passing, the cat called out as loud as he could bawl: 'Help! help! My lord, the Marquis of Carabas, will be drowned!' The king heard the cries, and put his head out at the window of his coach to see what was

the matter. When he saw that it was the same cat who had brought him so many presents, he gave orders to his servants to go at once to help the marquis. The cat then ran up to the coach, and told the king that, while his master was bathing, some thieves had run off with his clothes; but the cunning cat had hid them all the time under a large stone. The king at once sent to the palace for one of his richest suits for the Marquis of Carabas. The fine clothes became the marquis so much, and he looked so handsome, that the king's daughter fell in love with him. The king asked the marquis to get into his coach, and take a drive with them. The cat, well pleased at the success of his scheme, ran on before. He came to a field where some reapers were at work, and he said to them: 'Good folks, the king is coming this way, and you must tell him that this field belongs to the Marquis of Carabas. If you do not, you shall be chopped as small as *mince-meat*.' As the king passed, he

asked the reapers to whom the field belonged.

‘To the Marquis of Carabas,’ they all cried out at once, for the threats of the cat had put them in great fear.

‘You have here a very fine piece of land, my lord marquis,’ said the king.

‘Truly, sire,’ said the marquis, ‘it does not fail to bring me every year a plentiful harvest.’

The cat, who still went on before, now came to a field where some other men were making sheaves of the corn they had reaped. ‘Good folks,’ said he as before, ‘the king is coming this way, and you must tell him that the corn you have reaped in this field belongs to the Marquis of Carabas. If you do not, you shall be chopped as small as mince-meat.’ The king soon passed, and asked to whom the corn belonged. ‘To the Marquis of Carabas,’ they all cried at once.

The cat still kept running on before the coach, and gave the same charge to all the people he met with; so *that the king was greatly astonished*

at the splendid fortune of the Lord Marquis of Carabas.

PUSS IN BOOTS (3).

cas'tle	an'i-mal	im-pos'si-ble
o'gre	ex-am'ple	spa'cious
hon'our	con-vince'	ex-cept'
civ'il-ly	troub'le	a-muse'ment

Puss at length reached a grand castle, where lived an ogre, the richest ever known, for all the fine lands which the king had passed through were his. The cat took care to learn all that he could about the ogre, and what he was able to do, and then asked to speak with him. As he went into the room in which the ogre was, he said that he could not pass so near his castle without doing himself the honour to inquire after his health. The ogre received him as civilly as an ogre could do, and asked him to take a seat. 'I have been told,' said the cat, 'that you have the gift of

changing yourself into any animal you please—into a lion or a tiger, for example.’ ‘It is very true,’ said the ogre, somewhat sternly; ‘and to convince you, I will at once take the form of a lion.’ The cat was in such fear at finding himself so near a lion, that he sprang from him, and climbed to the roof of the house, but not without great trouble, as his boots were not very fit for walking upon the tiles.

Some minutes after, when the ogre had come back to his own form, the cat came down from the tiles, and owned that he had been a good deal frightened. ‘I have been also told,’ said he, ‘but I do not know how to believe it, that you can change yourself into some of the smallest animals—into a rat or a mouse, for instance. I confess I should think this impossible.’ ‘Impossible!’ said the ogre. ‘You shall see;’ and at the same instant he changed himself into a mouse, and began to frisk about the room. The cat no sooner cast his

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eyes upon the ogre in this form, than he sprang upon him, and ate him up in an instant.

In the meantime, the king, as he came near to the castle, admired it so much, that he asked his servants to drive up to the gates, so that he might get a nearer view of it.

The cat, hearing the noise of the coach, went out to meet the king, and said: 'The king is welcome to the castle of the Marquis of Carabas!'

'And is this splendid castle yours also, my lord marquis? I never saw a finer building, or anything so pretty as the park and pleasure-grounds around it. No doubt the castle is as grand within as without. Pray, my lord marquis, favour me with a sight of it.'

The marquis gave his hand to the young princess as she came out of the coach, and both followed the king, who went on before. They entered a spacious hall, where they found a splendid feast, which the ogre had got ready

for some friends who were to visit him that day, but they had not dared to enter when they heard that the king, and the princess, and a great lord were within.

The king was quite charmed with all he saw; and he liked the young marquis, not only because he was so rich, and had such a splendid castle, but because he was both good and wise. He saw, too, that the young princess had fallen in love with the handsome marquis.

So, when the king had eaten of the good things set before him, and drunk a few glasses of wine, he said to the marquis: 'It will be your own fault, my lord marquis, if you do not soon become my son-in-law.' The marquis thanked the king with all his heart, and married the princess that very day.

The cat became a great lord, and never afterwards ran after rats and mice, except for his own amusement.

DIVISIONS OF TIME.

twen'ty	morn'ing	min'utes
six'ty	di·vid'ed	sec'onds
twelve	be·gin'	high'est

There are twenty-four hours in the day. The hours are counted from one in the morning till twelve. At twelve the sun is at his highest point in the sky, and then we say it is mid-day or noon. After mid-day we begin to count from one to twelve over again. Then it is mid-night, and a new day begins. Every hour is divided into sixty parts called minutes, and each minute is divided into sixty parts called seconds. So that

Sixty (60) seconds make a minute.

Sixty minutes make an hour.

Twenty-four (24) hours make a day.

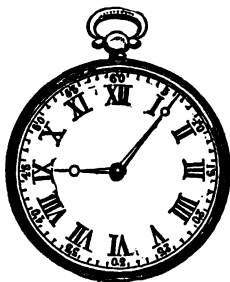
THE WATCH.

meas'ure	ex·act'ly	cu'ri·ous
peo'ple	min'ute	ma·chines'
pic'ture	prop'er	di'als

It is of great use to measure the hours of the day, so that people may always know exactly what hour and minute it is, and do things at proper times. Clocks and watches are very curious machines, which measure time exactly ; and they have dials or faces, with hands on them which point to the hours and minutes. Every boy and girl should learn to know the hour of the day by looking at a clock or watch, and then they will know when to go to school without asking any one to tell them the hour.

On the next page is a picture of the dial of a watch, with the hours marked round it, from I to XII ; also the minutes of an hour marked outside from 1 to 60. You likewise see two hands, one short, and the other long. The short hand is for pointing

out the hours, and is called the *hour-hand*; the long hand is for pointing out the minutes, and is called the



minute-hand. The minute-hand goes round once every hour; but the hour-hand goes much more slowly, or only from the mark of one hour to another in the space of an hour.

When the hour-hand points to XII, it means twelve o'clock; when it points to I, one o'clock; and so on with the other hours. After seeing where the hour-hand points to, look where the minute-hand points, and there the number of minutes after the hour is marked. In the picture here given, the hour-hand points to IX,

and the minute-hand to 6, which signifies that it is six minutes after nine.

When the minute-hand goes to 10, it will be ten minutes after nine ; at 15, it will be fifteen minutes, or a quarter of an hour, after nine ; and so on according to the marks : at 30, it is half an hour after. When the minute-hand comes round to where 45 is marked, it is called a quarter to ten ; at 50, it is ten minutes to ten ; at 55, it is five minutes to ten. And when the minute-hand is at 60, the hour-hand has got to X, which shews that it is ten o'clock exactly. All the other hours of the day are known in the same manner, by looking at watches and clocks.

Sun'day	Wednes'day	Sat'ur·day
Mon'day	Thurs'day	Sab'bath
Tues'day	Fri'day	fort'night

Seven days make a week. The names of the seven days are Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Sunday is the first day of the week, and it is also called the Sabbath-day, because it is the day of rest. Two weeks make a fortnight, which means fourteen nights, for, as you know, seven and seven make fourteen. Four weeks make a month, and fifty-two weeks make a year.

Solomon Grundy,
 Born on a Monday,
 Christened on Tuesday,
 Married on Wednesday,
 Took ill on Thursday,
 Worse on Friday,
 Died on Saturday,
 Buried on Sunday:
 This is the end
 Of Solomon Grundy.

Jan'u-ar-y	Sep-tem'ber	num'ber
Feb'ru-ar-y	Oc-to'ber	an-oth'er
A'pril	No-vem'ber	twelve
Ju-ly'	De-cem'ber	a-gain'

There are twelve months in the year. Their names are:

January,	April,	July,	October,
February,	May,	August,	November,
March,	June,	September,	December.

The months have not all the same number of days. These you will learn by and by. The first day of January is the first day of the year, and it is called New-Year's Day. After one year has ended, another begins, with the same number of months and days over again.

THE SEASONS.

sea'sons	sum'mer	win'ter
spring	au'tumn	month

There are four seasons in the year. These are spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Each of the seasons lasts for three months.

The months of spring are February, March, and April. The months of summer are May, June, and July. The months of autumn are August, September, and October. The months

of winter are November, December, and January.

In summer it is very hot, and in winter it is very cold. In spring and autumn it is not so hot as it is in summer, nor so cold as it is in winter.

SPRING.

pret'ty	beau'ti-ful	blos'soms
flow'ers	but'ter-flies	ap-pear'
mead'ow	bleat'ing	pleas'ant

In spring the fields are dressed in green : the pretty flowers spring up through the ground : the green leaves come out on the trees, and after them the beautiful white and red blossoms appear. The birds now build their nests and lay eggs in them, all the while singing their merry songs.

The lambs are frisking about on the meadow, or bleating for the old sheep, their mothers. The bees are humming round their hives, and the bright butterflies are on the wing. The farmer now ploughs his fields and

sows his corn, but he must wait till autumn before it will be ripe.

Truly, spring is a pleasant time.

SUMMER.

sum'mer	per'fume	straw'ber-ries
per-fume'	cher'ries	gar'den

In summer the roses are in bloom, filling the garden with their rich perfume or sweet smell. The gardens and fields and hedges are full of flowers, and the cherries and strawberries are ripe. Out in the field the men are cutting down the grass, and tossing it about until it is quite dry. It is then called hay, and is kept for food for the cows and horses in the winter, when there is no green grass for them to eat.

Summer is the time for me ;
Joy is then in all I see.

Then the roses are in bloom ;
All the garden they perfume.

Then what joy it is to stray
Where the men are making hay.

Cherries, strawberries, and flowers
Fill the happy, happy hours.

AUTUMN.

au'tumn	bun'dles	har'vest
ap'ples	col'our	rob'in

In autumn, apples and pears, and plums and nuts, and many other fruits are ripe, and the golden corn is ripe too. Now is the time of harvest. The men in the fields are cutting down the corn, and tying it up in bundles. They afterwards carry it home, and by and by it will be ground into flour to make bread. The green leaves of the trees now change their colour, and become brown and yellow, and soon they wither and fall off. The pretty flowers have faded, and the birds no longer sing. But there is one bird that now for the first time begins his song, and that is the dear little robin

redbreast, the bird that every one loves.

Now across the russet plain
Slowly moves the loaded wain.
Greet the reapers as they come—
Happy, happy harvest-home !

See the golden grain appear ;
See the produce of the year.
Greet the reapers as they come—
Happy, happy harvest-home !

Children, join the joyful ring ;
Young and old, come forth and sing ;
Greet the reapers as they come—
Happy, happy harvest-home !

WINTER.

win'ter cov'ered froz'en win'dow
often show'ers rob'in chil'dren

In winter there are no leaves on the trees. The ground is often covered with snow and frost, and there are showers of rain and sleet. When the ponds and lakes are frozen over, then is the time to slide and skate on the

ice, and fine fun it is. The robin sings his song, but sometimes he cannot get food, and he comes to our windows for crumbs.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall
have snow ;
And what will the robin do then, poor
thing ?
He will sit in a barn, and keep himself
warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor
thing.

The north wind doth blow, we soon shall
have snow ;
What, then, will the honey-bee do, poor
thing ?
In his hive he will stay till the cold's
gone away,
And then he'll come out in the spring,
poor thing.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall
have snow ;
And what will the children do then, poor
things ?
When lessons are done, they will slide,
skate, and run,
And play till they make themselves
warm, poor things.

SPELLING LESSONS.

WORDS RELATING TO THE BODY.

head	tooth	nails	toe
skull	teeth	chest	sole
crown	tongue	breast	heel
hair	beard	heart	breath
face	neck	lungs	blood
brow	throat	back	vein
eyes	arm	leg	bones
nose	shoulder	thigh	joints
ears	elbow	knee	flesh
cheek	wrist	calf	skin
chin	hand	foot	limb
mouth	fingers	feet	voice
lips	thumb	ankle	tears

FAMILY RELATIONS, &c.

man	baby	father	uncle
men	infant	papa	nephew
woman	child	mother	niece
women	children	mamma	husband
boy	maid	sister	wife
girl	maiden	brother	wives
lad	nurse	cousin	son
lass	parents	aunt	daughter

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THINGS FOR SITTING ON.

chair	couch	form	bench
stool	sofa	seat	pew

WORDS RELATING TO FOOD.

bread	beef	milk	egg
loaf	lamb	cream	toast
roll	mutton	rice	roast
biscuit	veal	soup	bake
cake	pork	broth	cook
crust	game	cheese	boil
crumb	sauce	pie	broil
flour	fish	salt	fry

USED IN EATING AND DRINKING.

plate	knife	tray	saucer
spoon	knives	jug	glass
fork	dish	cup	bottle

NAMES OF COMMON ANIMALS.

cat	cow	pony	mice
kitten	calf	pig	hare
dog	bull	sow	rabbit
pup	ox	boar	fox
sheep	ass	hog	deer
lamb	horse	swine	wolf
goat	mare	rat	bear
kid	foal	mouse	mole

NAMES OF COMMON BIRDS.

cock	goose	raven	kite
hen	geese	dove	thrush
chicken	gander	pigeon	wren
fowl	swan	owl	robin
duck	crow	lark	sparrow
drake	rook	hawk	swallow

NAMES OF COMMON FRUITS.

plum	peach	cherry	nut
apple	walnut	fig	strawberry
pear	orange	grape	currant

NAMES OF COMMON FLOWERS.

lily	violet	poppy	cowslip
daisy	snowdrop	dandelion	foxglove
tulip	crocus	marigold	primrose

WORDS RELATING TO THE FARM.

farm	wheat	stalk	glean
field	oats	harvest	wagon
meadow	barley	reaper	barn
grass	rye	hook	thresh
hay	turnips	scythe	flail
grain	plough	sickle	chaff
corn	harrow	sheaf	straw
crops	seed	sheaves	furrow

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NAMES OF COLOURS.

white	blue	orange	gray
black	yellow	purple	scarlet
red	green	brown	crimson

WORDS EXPRESSING QUALITY.

great	high	broad	straight
small	low	wide	square
little	tall	narrow	round
thin	short	right	solid
thick	long	left	liquid

COMMON VERBS.

touch	hop	dance	lift
taste	jump	eat	carry
feel	lie	drink	swing
smell	stand	bend	stretch
hear	swim	turn	read
speak	breathe	move	write
talk	sleep	kneel	sew
think	dream	work	stitch
leap	laugh	pull	dress
walk	sing	push	smile

DENOTING ORDER.

first	fourth	seventh	tenth
second	fifth	eighth	eleventh
third	sixth	ninth	twelfth

LIST OF WORDS CONTAINING SILENT LETTERS.

<i>b</i> silent <i>after</i> <i>m</i> —	<i>gh</i> silent <i>when</i> <i>final and be-</i> <i>fore t</i> —	aught	ghastly
jamb	neigh	caught	<i>when final</i>
lamb	weigh	naught	<i>and after</i>
limb	sleigh	taught	<i>a vowel</i> —
climb	eight	ought	ah
bomb	freight	fought	oh
comb	weight	sought	<i>after r</i> —
tomb	high	thought	myrrh
dumb	thigh	brought	Rhine
crumb	nigh	dough	rhyme
thumb	sigh	though	—
<i>before t</i> —	fight	through	<i>k</i> silent <i>before</i> <i>n</i> —
debt	light	bough	knack
doubt	blight	plough	knave
subtle	flight	drought	knell
—	plight	<i>except</i> —	knee
<i>ck</i> silent—	slight	draught	kneel
schism	might	(draft)	knead
yacht	night	—	knight
<i>g</i> silent <i>before</i> <i>n</i> —	knight	<i>k</i> silent <i>at be-</i> <i>ginning of</i> <i>these words</i> —	knit
gnarl	right	heir	knife
gnash	bright	honest	knob
gnat	fright	honour	knock
gnaw	wright	hostler	knoll
deign	sight	hour	knot
feign	tight	<i>after g at be-</i> <i>ginning of</i> <i>words</i> —	know
reign	height	ghost	known
sign	sleight		knew

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<i>l</i> silent often before a final consonant—	condemn	castle	league
alms	contemn	wrestle	tongue
balm	<i>p</i> silent before <i>s</i> , <i>sh</i> , and <i>t</i> , at beginning of words—	bristle	rogue
calm		thistle	vogue
palm	psalm	whistle	cinque
psalm	pshaw	jostle	clique
qualm	ptarmigan	bustle	pique
calf	<i>between m and t at end of words—</i>	rustle	casque
half		except—	mosque
calve	prompt	<i>silent in</i>	<i>w</i> silent before <i>r</i> in beginning of words—
halve	tempt	often	wrap
salve	empty	soften	wrath
balk	<i>and in</i>	chestnut	wreak
chalk	raspberry	Christmas	wreath
talk	receipt	hostler	wreck
stalk	sempstress	mistletoe	wren
walk	corps	mortgage	wrench
folk	<i>s</i> silent—	<i>th = t—</i>	wrest
yolk	aisle	asthma	wretch
could	isle	phthisic	wrist
would	island	Thames	wright
should		Thomas	wring
	<i>t</i> silent after <i>s</i> followed by <i>en</i> , <i>el</i> , or <i>le</i> final, with the <i>e</i> mute—	thyme	wrong
<i>n</i> silent after <i>l</i> or <i>m</i> in the same syllable—	chasten	<i>ua</i> silent—	wrung
kiln	hasten	quay	wry
hymn	fasten	victual	wrought
limn	listen	<i>ue</i> silent in endings -gue and -que—	<i>and in</i>
autumn	glisten	plague	answer
column	christen	vague	sword
solemn			toward
			two

inn run till him
 thin lump pump
 on cot home hence
 moon hoop teeth
 oat moan ocean
 we woe how bear
 pane brave river

you gig joy young
was miss swim so
kind aback clocks
weave were warrior
farmer pig butcher
judge foxes exist
amazed faithfully

O C H U Y

G I J T F

S P B R

K E L L

Z D A N

M V W E

A B C D E

F G H I J

K L M N O

P Q R S T

U V W X

Y Z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

Andrew Bertrand

Charles Dickenson

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Tuesday, Wednesday,

Thursday, Friday,

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